



THE CLEANER

AS WE SOW

SO WE REAP.

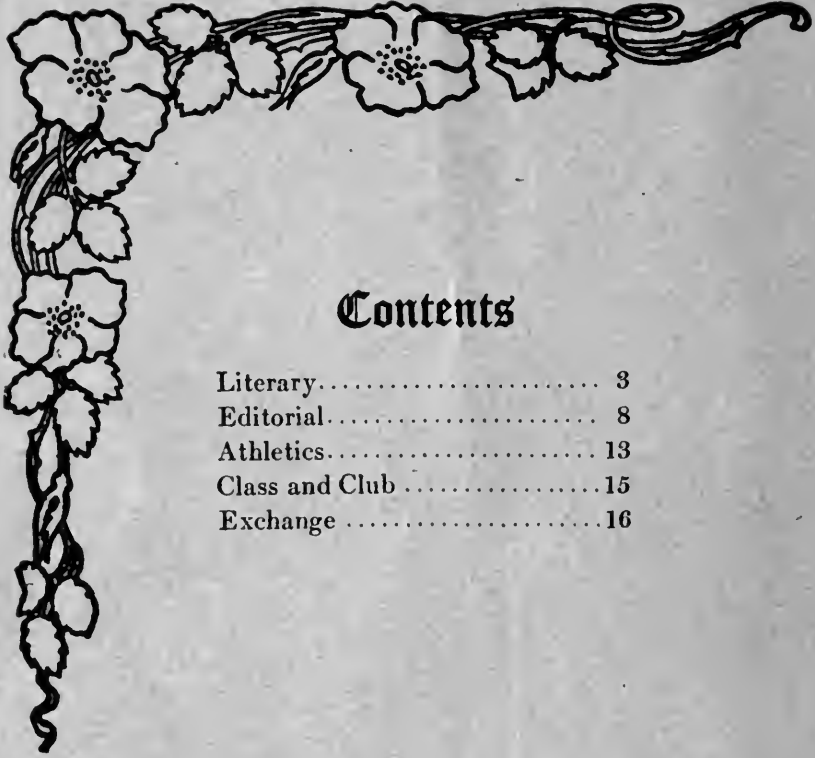
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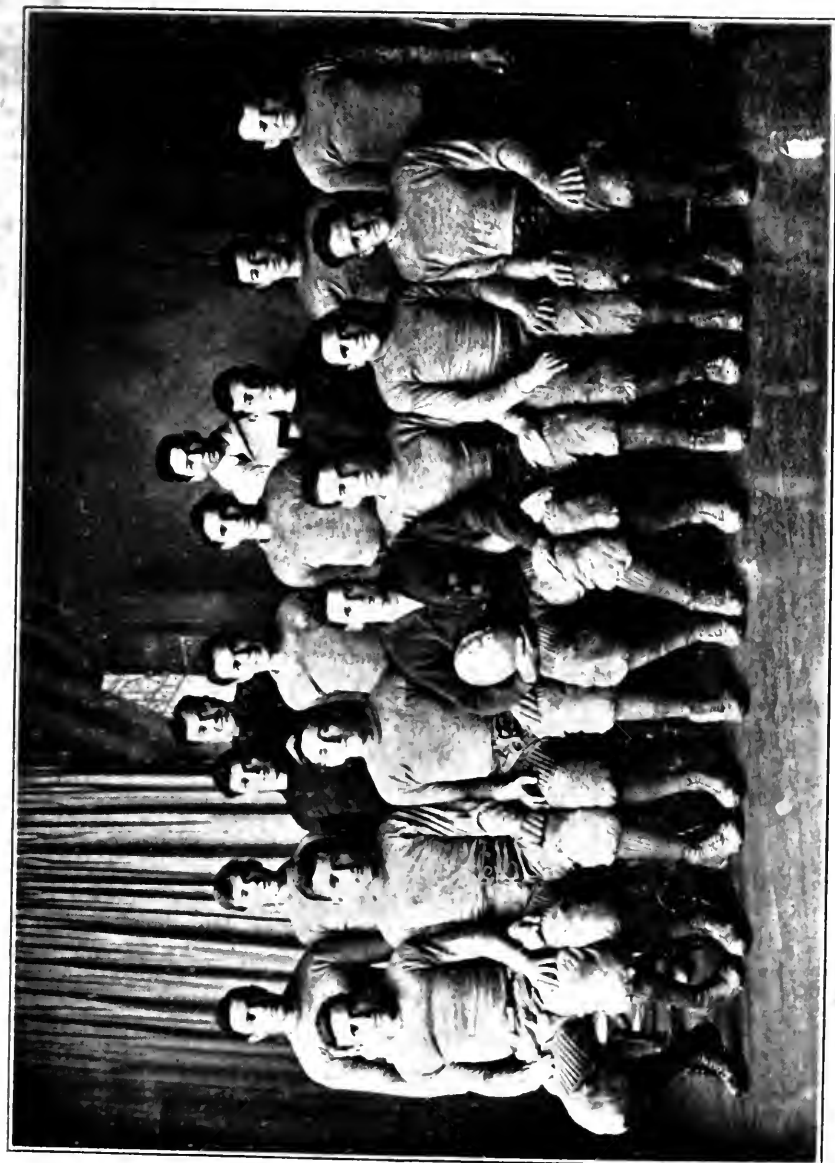


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FOOTBALL TEAM - 1912

Bottom row, left to right—Kahn, l. h.; Capek, l. g.; Blume, r. h.; Capt Work, q. b.; Weigle, f. b.; Friedman, l. h.; How, r. c. Middle row—Harrison, c.; Semel, c.; Rosenberg, b. f.; Redalia, t.; Uiman, l. t.; Samson, t.; Helfand, r. t.; Wolf, r. g. Top row—Ferrethetian, g.; Weightman, manager and l. c.

The Gleaner

VOL. II

DECEMBER 1912

No. 4



LAWRENCE W. CROHN, *Editor.*

Football

To all in whom there lies a drop of red blood, athletics must make a strong appeal. There is something in athletics which creates a tingling sensation in the mind of the spectator. It is the play of contending forces, young men of valor pitted against each other in the struggle for superiority. Playing the game to win is the captivating aspect of all sound sports. It is that something in American athletic games which recalls to us the larger game of life.

Football, in particular, fulfills the rôle of true American athletics. We all have felt the thrill of excitement as the ball was "kicked off" and twenty-two trained men came dashing down the field to capture the coveted ball. And then the fierce struggle to move the "pig-skin" nearer and nearer to the end of the course. Added to this is the tense strain under which the bearers of the ball are kept lest some fumble or miscarriage of di-

rections shall result in forfeiture of the prize. How like the larger life-game is all this! Is it not that psychological response to the miniature staging of our own struggles up and down the field in quest of happiness?

So much for the value of football to the spectator. To the player the effect is both physical and mental. The making of strong men with great endurance is obvious. The mental development is even greater. Every one who has ever played football knows of the necessity to subserve the individual aspiration for spectacular play to the common good of the team. This aspect of the game has been told and retold many times. But the greatest benefit which can befall the player is learning to play the game fair.

Certainly the value of football is great. Much greater is its appeal as a typical American game.

—L. W. C.

The Greater Love

"Down! Down! Down! Quick, fellows! Brace up! We've got them. Run 'em off their feet!" The little quarter tagged each man on the line. Seven pairs of strong legs sank deeper into the turf, muscles tense, heads lowered, crouching lower and lower until it seemed as if so many tigers were braced for a spring.

"Signals! 6-6-27-11!"

The ball snapped back. There was a dull thud as twenty-two leather-clad warriors clashed. Quickly the ball was passed from the quarterback to the left half, who plunged through the opponents' right tackle for a gain of seven yards.

There rose a roar like the breaking of waves upon a rocky beach. The side lines seemed to have gone mad with excitement.

"Boom - chika - boom! Ricka - chika-boom!" they roared in one voice, but the team only heard a distant murmur. They were no more human, but two compact machines bent upon each other's destruction.

"Third down! Two to go," the referee shouted.

"Signals! 56-71-11-87!" The ball snapped for a direct pass to the right half; the line charged but the half was tackled with no gain. It was the opponents' ball!

"Hold your line, fellows! Don't give an inch!" The captain's voice was hoarse. The enemy was in the territory of the Green and Gold.

"X-27-Formation 11! 8-7-7-7!"

The opponents' secondary line or backfield seemed to take the shape of a battering-ram. The quarter handed the ball to the fullback. With terrific speed he threw his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle. The line seemed to tumble in front of him. He ran for fifteen yards before the referee whistled "Down!"

The ball was now close to the side line. The spectators packed in a solid body. They knew that they would see nerve steelled against nerve, strength against strength—nay, life against life! "Get down! Lively there! Signals! 6-27—Signals off! 6-7-8-9!"

"Hold them, Farm School! Hold them, Farm School! Hold them, Farm School!" It was a mighty roar, yet in it there was a note of desperation. They were desperate, but they had confidence in their team.

The two teams clashed. There seemed to be a pyramid of arms and legs. The whistle blew. The Farm School rooters danced with joy—the ball was ours. Our center had recovered a fumble!

"Plow through them! Plow through them! You can do it. We know you can!"

"Punt formation—Lucky buck!" cried our quarterback. "44-84-94-67!"

It was a beautiful pass. The line seemed to have been changed into a mass of solid rock. It seemed to vibrate, yet never gave way. There was a thud; the ball

rose higher and higher; it seemed to fly toward the opponents' goal, and was caught by the enemy's right halfback. Quick as was the kick, our ends seemed quicker, and before the fellow could run five yards he was downed by a clean but hard tackle.

"Shake a leg! Break a leg! Bring them down hard! Farm School! Farm School! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

"Signals! Open formation!" Their men opened spaces between them. "88-98-98-11! Shift!" The line closed up. Their left end took the ball, skirted our left side and started for a long run. He was fast and with a good interference seemed well on the road of crossing our goal. There was a yell of despair from our section, our fellows felt the danger—they soon broke the formation, the runner was downed so hard that he fumbled. Our quarterback picked the ball on the run and ran back to the enemy's thirty-yard line.

"Siss! Boom! Ah! Farm School, Rah! There seemed a new spirit infused in the Green and Gold warriors; they crouched low to break the opposing line. The signals were given. There was a rumble, a sickening thud. The men got up from the heaps. There was one little fellow who lay white and still, face bloody, but even in his senseless condition the ball lay safe beneath his body.

"Time out! Man hurt!"

The water-carriers came into the field; the cold water was dashed into the spunky quarter's face. He gasped, opened his eyes; he was in the arms of one of the guards.

"Brace up, old man; you're all right. They'll never get you like this!" He and the little fellow were close friends; there was nothing the big "chunk," as he was called, would not do for him.

"Signals!" The quarter's voice was faint; the opponent saw his weakness and charged straight against him.

There was one fellow who was anxious; he felt his friend's hands resting on his back for support. He shut his eyes. He was playing football no more! There was one thing only—if the line broke his friend would be in danger. He took a long breath and placing all his spirit of body and soul, charged.

When he got up he looked back: the little quarter was safe.

"Good work, old chump! Do it again!" That was enough. There was no wild enthusiasm over him—guards seldom make touchdowns—but his friend's encouraging voice was more to him than any score he could have made.

The line dropped into a formation of attack, but as the signals rang out, the referee whistled—"Time up!"

The score was 0-0.

E. A. J., '15.

The Breaks

"Che he che ha, che ha ha ha, National Farm School, Rah! Rah! Rah!" rang out the husky voices of the thirty trusty rooters at the side lines. Speed, left halfback of N. F. S., had dashed around end, bringing the ball to the three-yard line. The score was already 6-0 against them, and there was left but twenty seconds in which to change those figures. The presumption was against them, for, three times previous had they had the ball near the goal line, but, through lack of punch, failed to get it over.

Farm School, this year, had prided itself on having the strongest football team for many years past, and, truly, they were a strong, speedy eleven in spite of being handicapped in not having a coach. But the fact of their not being coached told on them throughout the season and especially in this game. In midfield playing, they ran their opponents off their feet, but near the goals they lacked the knowledge and practice of concentrating their efforts toward one main point, thereby weakening their offense. No wonder, then, that the backers of their opponents were confident of the ability of their eleven to hold them.

The F. S. rooters had ceased yelling and as Quarterback Workem started signals, the entire multitude of spectators became breathlessly attentive. The ball was snapped! Right-half Lank received it, but the next instant a groan issued from the direction of the small band of Farmers. The ball was rolling aimlessly on the field! Lank

had fumbled! An opponent dove for it, but, lo! another body sped through the air still lower than the former, and landed on the ball.

When Workem came to, he found himself on a mattress in the dressing-room, surrounded by his team. His recovery was greeted with a yell from the team, their facial expressions changing from anxiety to exultation. When, in answer to his query, he learned that he had made a touchdown and the goal was kicked, he manifested his joy by fairly bounding the length of the room. —W. BLUME, '15.

The Football Hero

(With Apologies to Epic Poets.)

ACT I.

The crowd roared as down the field,

Like a roaring tiger he ran,
Warding tacklers right and left,
Fearless hero of all man!
He'd buck the line or run an end,
His goal he could easily defend;
Many a time the College Town
Worshipped this "God of the
Touchdown."

ACT II.

The streets were cold and the wind
swept,

A cold, cruel rain the city swept;
Our young warrior stealthily crept
To the home where his sweetheart
slept.

A single light, a ray of hope;
A little maid—perhaps clope!
He rang the bell. Was it a knell—
Of ambitions shattered—Oh, well!

ACT III.

He saw her—it was a happy day,
A model of loveliness made;

She was willing to die, obey—
That little, modest, dainty maid.
He spoke of art, of books, of
school;

He felt like a blooming fool;
But the hero of many shrines
Could not utter the desired lines.
M. FERESHETIAN, '13.

More than a Touchdown

It was the Junior Dance. The hall was decorated with the pennants and trophies of the Class. The orchestra hidden behind flowers and palms furnished dreamy music for the many waltzing couples. Yet there was one who was silent and quiet; he sat in one corner, watching and longing.

Desdon was not handsome. A deep scar extended from his forehead to the chin on the left side; it gave him a fierce, cruel look, an appearance which was the exact opposite of his brave and noble nature.

He was not rich, so could not be lavish with his friends, fair or otherwise; in other words, Desdon was far from being a social lion.

During an intermission Jack Donald came toward Desdon, accompanied by a very beautiful girl, whom he introduced as Sylvia, his sister.

Desdon bowed; his heart seemed to stop, then beat fast—so fast that it seemed to the poor fellow as if his heart would break. He flushed and the awful scar on his cheek seemed to be a line of hissing coals.

He mumbled some compliment, but the words died in his throat. Who was he?—a poor student, working his way through college, with no accomplishments, could not sing, joke or show a good time.

The evening soon passed and Desdon was left alone. Alone? No. In his heart he felt something; he knew that his loneliness had found a companion, his soul was no more lonely.

September came. Desdon was now a Senior and was trying for a position on the 'Varsity of which Jack Donald was quarterback.

The day of the great game came and the coach announced Desdon as the left tackle.

At the signal the team ran on the field among the cheering of thousands, both teams played hard and steady and the three quarters passed without any scoring on both sides.

The last quarter found both teams battling for every inch. Jack got the ball on a fumble and with desperate fighting carried it to the enemy's fifteen-yard line.

"One minute to play!" called the timekeeper.

Signals were given for tackles; back the ball was snapped. Desdon received the ball from the quarterback and with a terrific plunge broke the opponents' defense for a gain of ten yards.

"Down, quick!" came the signal; again the same numbers rattled. There was a clash, a terrible silence—a roar of victory, as they saw Desdon's body across the goal

—a touchdown for Varnell. Jack Donald easily kicked the goal.

The big tackle was lifted on strong shoulders and taken to the club house, but he could only see one thing—a pretty girl with up-

turned face, a peculiar light in her eyes that his soul understood. He had made more than a touchdown. He had found a heart.

M. PERSHETIAN, '13.



EDITORIAL



JAMES WORK, Editor-in-Chief.

Peace on Earth Good Will toward Man

Christmas Christmas is upon us. Though this is distinctly a football issue, we cannot pass on without mention of the fact. Yuletide, that time of joy and peace to all, is here. May you all have a Merry Christmas, the best in many years.

This is a football *The Scrubs* issue, dedicated to the team that so nobly upheld the Green and Gold on the gridiron. May its memory live forever. Not winning many games, not losing many, but tying quite a few, this year's team has made a wonderful showing. Confronted with appalling obstacles at the beginning of the season, they still fought on, and played every game like men. Even those teams who came out victorious over them said, "we won, but it was our hardest game." No man showed a sign

of quitting—that is football, whether we win or lose.

But amongst all the praise showered on the 'Varsity, don't forget those who worked like Trojans, yet receive no glory—The Scrubs. The very word seems to bring with it a feeling, an atmosphere, of hard work. And to them should go some of the glory. Even though they didn't have their names blazed forth, even though they didn't receive the coveted "F," still they had something above these things, something which will enable them to win these two honors next year, instilled into them, *Manhood*—the nerve to play against great odds, against better players, though not against better men. No crowds to cheer them on, just bunches to criticise—theirs was truly no easy lot. Then remember the Scrubs, and link their names with the 'Varsity's. They deserve it.

At this early date, *The Three-Year Course* it is rather difficult to say anything, for a conclusion, concerning the change in our course from one of four years to one of three years. During the period of transition to the shorter course there is no doubt that many obstacles will be met with. The student activities, such as athletics and the GLEANER, will be hit harder than any others, the change taking all the more advanced material from the school, as the present Juniors will be graduated with the Seniors. The two most effective classes will depart, leaving the inexperienced. But there can be no doubt that the experience of the officers and faculty of our institution has taught them what is best. If there is a weakness in the present curriculum, correct it, once for all. This has been their policy—and a wise one.

The school will also have a post-graduate course, and the announcement of its studies is anxiously awaited by many interested in it.

It is apparent to those who know agricultural students that their ambitions are higher than being a laborer. True, labor is a blessing—as the other fellow says—but there are other forms of labor than working from sunrise to sunset for the work-hardened farmer. We have

seen numbers of our graduates leaving positions because the work connected with them was not what they supposed, or because their ideals struck higher. It is a significant fact that graduates from our school who have taken post-graduate courses in the technical colleges have, without exception, proven their ability to rival any one in agriculture.

The discussions held by men prominent in the educational world, at the convention lately held in Philadelphia, seem to show that the tendency of modern education is vocational, and that there is a lack of teachers in the vocational institutions, especially in agriculture. If our school can give such a post-graduate course that it will fit her students to become practical teachers of the subject they have studied, then indeed will its good be increased a hundred-fold.

Most of our students show exceptional ability in their chosen vocation, and if they can be shown a goal worth striving for, then will their effectiveness after commencement be assured. Hearty co-operation of teacher and student, a course practical and effective, and a post-graduate course of advanced theory, experiment and application, will create this goal.

PERSONAE OF TEAM.

	Home City.	Age.	Weight.	Height.
Captain Work, '13, Philadelphia.		19	140	5 ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Manager Weightman, '14, Philadelphia		18	155	5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Harrison, '13, Des Moines, Ia.		21	155	5 ft. 6 in.
Kahn, '14, Little Rock, Ark.		21	152	5 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Ferreshetian, '13, Philadelphia.		21	210	5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Capek, '14, New York City.....	21	104	5 ft. 10½ in.
How, '14, Philadelphia.....	18	148	5 ft. 9¼ in.
Ulman, '10, Savannah, Ga.....	19	100	5 ft. 10¾ in.
Blume, '15, El Paso, Texas.....	19	104	5 ft. 10¾ in.
Weigle, '15, Philadelphia.....	18	150	5 ft. 9½ in.
Friedman, '15, Philadelphia.....	18	147	5 ft. 8½ in.
Wolf, '15, New York City.....	18	150	5 ft. 6 in.
Samson, '14, Newark, N. J.....	19	150	5 ft. 8 in.
Heliand, '14, Philadelphia.....	17	138	5 ft. 6½ in.
Rosenberg, '14, Philadelphia.....	20	150	5 ft. 7 in.
Redalia, '14, Philadelphia.....	20	143	5 ft. 9½ in.
Semel, '10, New York City.....	17	131	5 ft. 6 in.

CAPTAIN WORK has played quarterback for two years, this being his second year on the team. The fastest track man in the school, he has been just as fast in football togs. He ran the team in great style, getting the most out of the players and taking advantage of every weakness of his opponents. Himself an individual star, he also acted as coach, teaching the new men all they know of football, and giving the team its plays and formations. He did the kicking off and place kicking for Farm School, also most of the forward passing. Not once did he miss the goal after touchdown. Probably the greatest feature of his playing was end running, he being our greatest ground gainer around the ends, scoring over 75 per cent. of our points.

As a defensive player he was unsurpassed, backing up the line and stopping everything. As captain he commanded the respect and affection of every one, and had excellent control over the team all through the season. We, indeed, shall suffer a loss through his graduation.

WEIGHTMAN, left end for three

years, has played the same good defensive game as heretofore. A sure tackler, hard to suck in, and a nervy player, not many yards have been made around his end. Falling short in the Wilmington game, he was shifted to tackle, which position he played at Southern, but after that his position was never threatened, he playing a star game at end. Could Weightman but handle the forward pass, he would be perfect, his tackling being faultless. He also managed the team this year, and did creditably.

HARRISON held down the pivotal position this year. This was his third year on the team, he playing guard until this year. A fine defensive player, he was in every play of every game, playing with great spirit and never losing his head. On the offensive he opened good holes for the backs, and but for a bad pass now and then, his work was of the highest order, he never missing a signal.

KAIN was regular left halfback at the beginning of the season, but showed such a tendency to fumble that he was shifted back to the line for several games. He played a

spectacular defensive game, and when started with the ball was hard to stop, he gaining many yards for Farm School. Could he but have handled the ball better, he would have been one of our star backfield men. This was his first year on the 'Varsity, though he has had previous experience on the Little Rock High School team.

CAPEK held down right guard. He was probably our best linesman. Big, heavy, aggressive, he more than played his game. Many times tackling in the open, he evinced the proper spirit to get into every play. This was his first year on the 'Varsity.

How held down right end, and was sub-fullback, he playing that position in one game. He played a steady game, handling the ball well on forward passes. He always played a hard game. This being his first year, there is no doubt that with more experience he will be a star end.

ULMAN alternated at right guard and left tackle, playing a good game at either position. With no previous experience he developed into a sure tackler, and did some fine playing, always being "on the job."

BLUME was our right halfback. A star from the El Paso High School team, he even did more than was expected. As strong as an ox, a fast man, he couldn't be stopped. Catching forward passes he was as near to perfect as any one could be. As a defensive player he was unexcelled. A strong, fast, nervy player, he was our best man on line plunging and off-tackle plays. In the Easton game he

played wonderfully, he easily being the star of the day. His playing was faultless, and to him and Work go the honors of being the greatest players of the season, and of many past seasons.

WEIGLE, fullback, was a close second to Blume as an all-around player. He did the punting, and was great in that department of the game. Plunging through the center of the line he couldn't be stopped, and was a sure tackler. He ran back the punts, and did some of the forward passing—also held the place kicks. It was his tackling that saved the day more than once. This was his first year on the team.

FRIEDMAN alternated at left half and the line. He was valuable as an offensive player, being fast and a good dodger, but on the defense did not show up till the P. I. D. game. Here he showed up to good advantage on the defense. This was his first year on the 'Varsity.

WOLF played at right guard in three of our games. He was a strong, steady player, and with a little more snap and spirit will be a good man next year. He has the necessary weight and nerve for the line. This was his first year on the 'Varsity.

HELFAND held down the right tackle position, playing a most brilliant game at the beginning of the season. Being light, he had to play with snap and courage to best his opponent, which he always did. Especially in the Bryn Athyn game did he excel. This was his first year on the 'Varsity.

SAMSON was substitute tackle.

playing in two games. He played a steady game, but did not show the necessary aggressiveness to get a regular position. This was his first year at the game.

REDALIA was a sub-center, but on account of Harrison's hardness did not have a chance to show up this year. He is good on passing and a good tackler.

SEMER was sub-end, a dandy tackler, he would have nailed a berth had it not been for his extreme lightness. He played well in the P. I. D. game.

ROSENBERG was the Varsity full-back, but sustained a broken collar-bone in scrimmage, and was out of the game for the rest of the season. His loss was a hard blow to the Varsity, as he was an excellent offensive and defensive man.

FERESHETIAN played guard for three years. A heavy, strong, nervy player, he was a star linesman. Fracturing his leg in scrimmage, he was not able to play in any of our games. Losing Rosenberg and him severely handicapped the team.

We lose by graduation, Work, Weightman, Harrison, Fereshetian, Rosenberg, How, Copee, Kahn, Helfand, Redalia and Sarson.

(Signed) M. FERESHETIAN.

"HOOS HOO."

Hoo's the guy that led them on this year, the guy that never showed a fear, no matter how the game was going, no matter how his team was showing what they couldn't do, or could? Who always played just as he should, to make the crowd look on and say, "That fellow's there, in

every way?" Who took the ball across the line, at Bryn Athyn, for the first time, in duo years? Who kicked the goal, when everybody said, "What mutts, to try at such an angle, such a kick." Who scored on Wilmington? Who caught that forward pass across the chalk, at P. I. D.? Who ran the ball, the furthest of them, each and all? Who broke up plays of every kind, from forward passes to buck through the line? Who made the fellers work like —, and do their best? Who would yell our signals, each at the right time, yet looks more like a girlie's boy, more apt, to watch a game than get in the scrap—the thickest of it, too? Who put the snap into the team? Who made the hardest practice seem like play? The best quarter Farm School ever saw, could run his team, could kick the ball, throw forward passes like Chester Minds, run the ball like Mercer. He was the team, the captain, coach, yet never heard we a word of boast. Perhaps you're saying, "Well, who's this guy?" Just give us room enough to say, 'tis Jimmy Work. She calls him Jay.

Hoo's the guy that is so husky, yet quiet as a map (of Doyles-town); the guy that ne'er got rusty, on signals, plays or snap; the guy that's always called on, to carry, in a pinch, the ball across the greeny turf; the guy who had no cinch, in any game, for he did work, as three men turned to one; he ripped and tore, tackled hard, a regular son-of-a-gun? Who ran the ball off tackle, five yards or more each time? Who nailed those forward

passes, like a veteran on a nine? Who took that ball, on an end run, through water, mud and men, and placed it 'hind the goal posts, in that game with old Southern? Who kidnapped the Angora of that whole Easton bunch? Who tended to his business, and never got a hunch, he was the team? The best halfback we've seen up here for years, who knocked most every line we've met, to grease spots, lumps and smears,—who is the gink that comes from Texas, that guy that we

all like? 'Tis Henry Blume, the husky,—the whom some call Spike.

VARSITY.

The following men received the Varsity "F" for football. Each one fought gamely for it. May they honor it.

Captain Work, '13; Weightman, Mgr., '14; Harrison, '13; Kahn, '14; Ulman, '16; Capece, '14; Wolf, '15; Friedman, '15; Blume, '15; Weigle, '15; How, '14; Helfand, '14.

Athletics

ABE WITKIN, *Editor.*

The Easton High School game ended in a farce, Farm School leaving the field in the last quarter, after being tendered the worst decisions we have ever seen a team get. As soon as they reached Easton's twenty-yard line they were penalized time after time for no cause, while Easton seemed to never worry over our making a long run, the ball never being brought back. The Easton team had their representative on the field, which is distinctly against the rules, and he influenced the referee on every ruling. Blume and Work played fine for Farm School. This was the first year we were ever able to hold Easton, and this year we would have beaten them badly had the officials been impartial.

FARM SCHOOL, 7; P. I. D., 14.

Thanksgiving Day our team travelled to Mt. Airy, to meet the strong eleven from the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf. It was

a game full of thrills for the thousand or more spectators, and it was unanimously conceded that we outplayed our opponents.

Captain McArthur won the toss and elected to kick off, Farm School defending the East goal. In the first quarter Farm School distinctly outplayed their opponents. Kahn was taken out of the game at the second play with a sprained ankle, Friedman replacing him. At the end of this quarter the ball was on P. I. D.'s twenty-yard line in Farm School's possession. They commenced a march toward the goal, gaining consistently, but at the five-yard line came the break in the game which allowed P. I. D. to score. A delayed pass between Blume and Friedman was called, the line failed to hold, and in the mix-up, McArthur, of P. I. D., recovered the ball and sprinted ninety yards for a touchdown. He kicked the goal. After this Farm School

played desperately, but failed to score. Blume and Work were the best ground gainers for Farm School in this period, Work going around ends consistently.

The third quarter Work kicked off to P. I. D., who gained but ten yards. Both teams played back and forth in the middle of the field till Work went around right end for thirty yards. On this play he was tripped and plunged headlong for three or four yards, being knocked unconscious for ten minutes. Weigle took quarter, How fullback and Semel end. For the rest of the period Farm School failed to gain, but held their opponents.

At the beginning of the fourth period the ball was in midfield, in P. I. D.'s possession, with neither side gaining appreciably. Work returned to the game, and put new life into the team. Farm School began a steady march toward the enemy's goal post. Weigle, Blume and Work making some brilliant gains. With the ball on the ten-yard line, P. I. D. held, but a forward pass, Weigle to Work, was called, and Work, jumping in the air, snatched the ball for a touchdown. With the game seeming in the balance, he kicked the goal. Score—N. F. S., 7; P. I. D., 7. Farm School rooters were delirious with joy.

Now came the play that our team seemed not to fathom. Work kicked off to McArthur, who, behind phenomenal interference, ran through the entire team for a touchdown, the winning touchdown. He kicked the goal.

With only two minutes to play, Farm School could not score. Could

we have put forth our regular team the whole game we would, without doubt, have made a different result the consequence.

The line-up:

N. F. S.	P. I. D.
Weightman.....l. e.....	Shakeley
Samson.....l. t.	Rosemind
Capece.....l. g.	Suckle
Harrison.....c.	Johnson
Wolf.....r. g.	Felter
Helfand.....r. t.	Ritchie
How (Semel). r. e.	Boyle
Work (Weigle)q. b....	McArthur
Kahn.....l. h. ...	Cherrington
(Friedman)	
Blume.....r. h.	Zeek
Weigle.....f. b.	Markless
(How)	

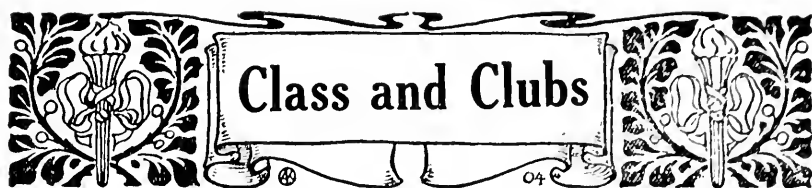
Touchdowns — McArthur, 2; Work. Goal from touchdown—McArthur, 2; Work. Time of periods—12 minutes.

We lay the pigskin away once more, and can say that we have upheld the honor of the Green and Gold on the gridiron nobly. Being uncoached, our success is due to Captain Work, who developed green material into a great team.

Never before in the history of the school have we had such a hard schedule, with most of our games away, and the easier ones cancelled on us. Although defeated twice, when we consider our adversaries, it is rather a credit than a discredit to us. The change of the course will take a good number of our veterans away. Let us hope that next year the same spirit will be shown that was shown this year for football.

B. WEIGHTMAN, '14.

Football Manager, 1912.



Class and Clubs

LEWIS L. REDALIA, *Editor*

CLASS OF 1913.

Three more months and we are
free,

Oh, let us be joyful!

Three more months and we will be
Toilers on the squally sea,

Oh, let us be joyful! (*dubious*)

Three more month of cold details,
(*Of course we mean for those
who go*),

Three more months of milking
pails,

(*Of course we'll all be farmers,
so*),

Oh, let us be joyful!

No more mush and spuds for us,
Oh, let us be joyful!

(*Repeat this line 3 times*)

No more pushing the laundry rush,
No more passing out foodstuff

(*Poor Ferry*)

To a bunch of old ungrateful cows,
Oh, let us be joyful!

Three more months and no more
bull,

Believe me, Oscar, we've had our
full;

Ninety more days, and we'll be
free,

Dear old Pop, we'll no more see,
Nor hear his kindly talk.

So, Oh, let us be joyful!

Oh, let us be joyful!

(*Repeat 15 times.*)

J. A. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*No, sweetheart,
we don't know who he is.*

CLASS OF 1914.

Sh! We're noble Seniors. The
four-year course has been changed
to three and we are preparing to
face the "struggle for existence."
Our preparations for a class night,
banquets and pictures are on file.

With the coaching we have given
the "Freshies," we expect them to
put up a good fight in the annual
Fresh-Soph football game. Go it,
Freshmen!

M. STOLOROFF.

CLASS OF 1915.

We will celebrate the Freshman
game with our second annual ban-
quet.

We regret the departure of our
classmate, Morris Schmookler,
from the school. He accepted a
position with a greenhouse concern
at South Bethlehem, Pa.

A. L. K.

CLASS OF 1916.

Preparing for the Sophomores.
The following men were chosen as
our officers:

BLUME—*President.*

LECHNER—*Vice President.*



A. LEWIS KRAVET, Editor.

Once more I have the pile of Exchanges before me, and it is with pleasure that I read all of them. Some great writer said, "The eye is the mirror of the soul"; so, in my estimation, are your periodicals the mirror of your various schools. "But the eye sees not itself, but by reflection"; so does not the staff of the various magazines see their faults as well as outsiders. It would therefore be appropriate for many of us to term our Exchange sheets "Reflection Department." So once more we meet, and let us, like good friends, profit by our companionship.

With thanks we announce the arrival of our various friends:

School Review, *Archive*, *The Mt. Airy World*, *The Voice*, *The H. A. S.*, *The Tatler*, *The Irvinian*, *The El Delator*, *The Broken and White*.

The School Review. A very neat cover. Departments show activity. Good short stories and very interesting.

The Voice. A good, concise little magazine, showing talent. A

few more jokes would greatly improve it.

The Mt. Airy World. It deserves credit, reflecting good work on part of its staff.

The Tatler. Lively and has good literary Department. A little original poem here and there would do good.

The H. A. S. Record. A little too local. A few cuts or pictures would give it a better outlook. "A Plowing Scene," realistic and impressing.

The Irvinian. Needs no comments. It speaks for itself.

FOOTBALL SHAKESPEAREANS.

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.

"Well placed."—Henry V.

"An excellent pass."—The Ten-pest.

"A touch, a touch I do confess."—Hamlet.

"I do commend you to their backs."—Macheth.

"More rushes! more rushes!"—Henry IV.

"Pell mell, down with them!"—Love's Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.

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 State. Some one has suggested,
 State pen.

Texas declared war against the
 borers (Boers).

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